Glo. Tush that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for my loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt bee accessary.
La. I would know thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my Tongue.
La. I feare mee both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to were this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.
VVere both of them for both of them are thine
And if thy poore supplyant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse foreuer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad desines
To him that hath more cause to bee a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosby place;
Where after I haue solemnely enterred
At *Chertsie* Monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant mee this boone.
La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressill and *Bartly*, goe a long with mee.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach mee how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell already *Exit.*
Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the cou
Ser. Towards *Chertsie* no
Glo. No to white Fryers th
Was euer woman in this hum
Was euer woman in this hu
Ile haue her, but I will not
What? I haue kild her husb
To take her in her hearts ext
With curses in her mouth, tea
The bleeding witnesse of he
Hauing God, her conscience,
And I nothing to backe my
But the plaine Diuell and di
And yet to win her all the w
Hath shee forgot already th
Edward her Lord, Whom I
Stabd in my angry mood at
A sweeter and louelier Ge
Framd in the prodigality of
Yong, valiant, wise, and no d
The spacious world cannot
And will shee yet debace he
That cropt the golden prime
And made her widdow to
On me, whose all not equa
On me that halt, and am vns
My Dukedome to bee a be
I doe mistake my person all
Vpon my life she finds altho
My selfe, to bee a marualous
Ile bee at charge for a Loo
And entertaine some score o
To study fashions to adorn
Since I am crept in fauour v
I will maintaine it with a li
But first ile turne yon fello
And then returne lamenting
Shine out faire sunne, till I ha
That I may see my shadow

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 372